

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 15 1889. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. No. 4.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Justices of Circuit Court. A. N. Campbell, President; Attorney, E. M. McNeill, Sheriff, M. J. McNeill. **Justices of Cr. & C. Courts.** J. J. Board, Attorney, C. O. Arbogast, E. Board, Pres't, C. B. Hanks, O. P. Moore. **County Clerk.** Geo. Baxley.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, and Monday in June and first Monday in October. County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July 1st day term.

C. P. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCNEILL,

Attorney-at-Law, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. J. BAXLEY,

Attorney-at-Law, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. E. BUCKNER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARBOSTAST,

Attorney-at-Law, Leesburg, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Attorney-at-Law, Leesburg, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. MYDLE,

Attorney-at-Law, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. R. E. WEYMOUTH,

Attorney-at-Law, Leesburg, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. R. E. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon, Huntersville, W. Va. Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

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BLACK CLOUD'S SON.

A GOVERNMENT SINNER'S STORY.

There will never be another Indian, not a single one, enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo, the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad line flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and trappers, and the Indians found, himself belated in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, and down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came near being a field than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough that the Apache had traits of his own—a ferocity which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the repulse to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was young Black Cloud when planning to take to life.

A year previous to the time General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and trail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finally captured by the red lips. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos River, my party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and wearing quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from his holster during the fast ride of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an alfalfa to reach the grove, and when, within stone's throw, suddenly appeared an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moment's hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, Chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only four or five years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before he had discovered our party while out hunting with a party of his own. They showed not much of an open attack, but the young Chief had told his people away and then cut across the country to the grove.

planning that we would halt there. Single-handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKovett, and we determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. Had he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bonded him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any question, but after a while, when I had told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances redounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of his tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been doing us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignominious situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of them both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. His falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated, meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

Two weeks after the capture of young Black Cloud I was called to the Colonel's office one evening, and asked if I thought it possible to get through to Fort Concho with despatches. The country was then in the possession of the hostiles. The Pecos warriors had come down out of New Mexico to make common cause against the whites, and the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Shawnees from all over the country to the south and east. The Apaches had no object in a state of siege, being seen every day within five miles of the post, and the chances of making a dash into the city across the plains lying between the two forts without running against a party of hostiles was not one in fifty. At such point as a Government rider is not recommended to go. He is not

at certain questions, however, in a manner which decides him to make the attempt. I left the post at 9 o'clock at night of an August evening perfectly satisfied that I should be dead or a prisoner before midnight. I had a bronco of tireless gait, a rifle and revolver, and I carried only five or six pounds extra weight. Before setting out I went in to see young Black Cloud and say good by. I had spent much of my time in his company, and we had become pretty good friends. When I told him of my journey he took from his neck a buckskin string, to which was attached the tooth of a grizzly bear, and handed it to me with the remark:

"You cannot get through. You will be captured or killed. If not shot down, show this to my people. They will know who it belongs to. They may trade you for me, and I shall thus get back to my tribe."

A thunder storm was coming up as I took my departure. Instead of holding due north, on the direct route, I rode to the east for five miles and then held away for Concho direct. The storm now broke, and for a full hour I rode ahead at a steady gallop, one moment in darkness so black that I could not see the ears of my horse, and the next in a blaze of light so brilliant that it blinded me. By the time the storm had passed I was a good fifteen miles from the fort, and as I had seen nothing to alarm me I began to hope that I would get through all right. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and I had pulled my "roncho" down to a walk for the first time, when he suddenly uttered a short alarm and started off with wild jumps. Three or four rifles cracked, and as the reports reached me the horse fell in a heap and flung me far over his head. I was momentarily stunned by the fall, and before I had made a move to get up I was seized by at least three Indians, who were not a minute in binding my hands and feet. When I got a clear head once more it was to realize that the Apaches had me a secure prisoner, and that, there were at or seven warriors about me. The moon came up in a clear sky a little later, and then I made out that I had run directly into a contemporary camp. The shots fired after me had brought down my horse, and he lay groaning and shuddering a few yards away.

The Indians knew that I was a white man, but they didn't know who they had got hold of until morning came. During the interval I lay on the wet ground guarded by two of the warriors, and almost immediately after my capture two men were sent off in different directions with news of it. A party of twelve Apaches arrived just before daylight and ten more at sunrise, and among the latter I recognized Black Cloud, father of the boy. One of the men had recognized me as "The white man who has run," as the Government riders were called, and as being in the party who captured the Chief's son. No one ever saw such a mad lot of redskins before or since. They wanted to torture me, and yet they realized that through me the boy could obtain his liberty. The Chief at first declared that he had discovered his son, and that he might not in confidence before he would exchange a white prisoner for him. When I called his attention to the chance young Black Cloud had given him to get the news pronounced to be true, then it was a sign the boy was dead, and he ordered my execution.

I was jerked to a sitting position, my boot cut off, and the devils were about to use their knives on my feet when the old man changed his mind and restrained them. The sight of me before them was the same as a pall of fresh blood placed before ravens' voices, and I expected to be knifed or tomahawked every moment for the first half hour. When they had cooled down a little Black Cloud demanded the particulars of his boy's capture. I saw that he felt degraded over the event, and was ready to disown the youth, and I made out a strong defence for the little chap to save my own scalp.

It was finally decided to spare my life for a few days, and I was sent to a camp in the foothills between the two forts. Here a council was held, and I had a close shave of it. While Black Cloud wanted his son back, some of his advisers contended that he should wait until securing some cheaper prisoner. They insisted on making me out a very important personage, and it was well known that I had killed or wounded several of the tribe in different scrimmages. Another thing that bothered them was how to make the exchange and not get caught. Trocheros and dispirited to the last degree themselves, they would not credit the whites with having any honor. It was argued, too, that the commander of the fort would exchange the boy for a private soldier or any sort of prisoner, and that I had done them too much damage to be set at liberty. There were three days in which my fate was undecided, and during the last day a stake was driven and fagots collected for a fire to torture me. I had no voice in the council, being bound and under guard, but it was at length decided to make the exchange. So cautious and fearful were the Indians that it took a week to effect what might have been done in a day. I wrote a note to the commandant explaining the situation. This was carried in by a squaw, who was permitted to see me in converse with young Black Cloud. He replied that he would exchange. The Apaches then wanted the boy turned loose before they released me, but this I would not hear of, knowing they would murder me. It was finally arranged that he was to be escorted a mile outside the fort and turned loose on his horse. I was to be taken to within a mile of the fort, and turned loose on foot. The parties were to occupy cautious half a mile apart, and the host was to be 2 o'clock on the morning. This plan was carried out. Twenty soldiers came out with the boy, and about the same number of Apaches escorted me. The treachery of the upper fad heads was soon exemplified. They had posted five warriors in a dry run to shoot me down as I made for the fort. The boy doubtless suspected some such move, for as soon as released he came galloping straight for me, and after a "how how" and a "hand shake" he indicated that I walk beside his pony until we reached the gate of the fort. When I was called he waved his hand and rode away to be received with yells and cheers and it was then we saw the treacherous warriors crouching out of the cover where they had been stationed. A year later, after a fight in which over forty of the bravest Apache warriors had gone to their death, having been all four slain. He had a "Woompoo" and a "Woompoo" which were both killed and were both.

Poehontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered as second-class matter
July 16, 1895, at Huntersville, W. Va.,
under No. 100,000, post office
No. 100,000.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 16, 1899.

Give America Labor a Chance.

First class American work is not
only the best of its kind in the
world, but the output for a given
plant is much greater. It is not
the machines or the methods alone
that accomplish this, but the
social status of the workman also.
This is an incontestable position.
To engineers, who do not accord work-
men any social standing whatever,
but it is a mighty fact here.
American workmen do more work
because they are more intelligent,
and are a part of all they under-
take; they have more at stake.
They care little about the quality
of their beer, but very much
about the houses they live in and
the clothing they wear. Their
great solicitude is that their
children shall be well brought up
and have all the advantages that a
free country can give them. This
is why the arts flourish here, and
why American engineers and
American machinists are leading
the world.—The Engineer.

And this, also, is why American
industry and American workmen
should not be taxed to death, but
allowed a fair chance at the mar-
kets of the world, which are now
in the clutches of nations which could
not compete with America on an
equal footing.

But the heads of the American
workmen are fettered. A high tar-
iff wall compels American industry
to rely upon itself, by keeping its
products out of foreign markets,
thus overstocking the home market
the result, consequently, being
depression, reduction of wages, strikes,
lockouts and all the ills that afflict
American labor.

Give the American workman half
a chance, and he will beat the
world.—Register.

Among the most foolish things in
the world are the efforts made by
railroad companies to prevent the
public from getting the news in
cases of accidents, wrecks, and the
like. If they could succeed in sup-
pressing the facts in such cases en-
tirely their object might be under-
stood, but when the only result is
to delay the information for a day
or so, while all sorts of wild rumors
are flying about in the meantime,
it would take somebody smarter than
the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer
to explain what the railroad com-
pany gains by it.—Ex.

According to a correspondent of
the New York Evening Post,
2,000,000 inmates of penitentiaries are
employed in this country every
year. They come chiefly from Vir-
ginia and North Carolina, although
Tennessee also produces a small
crop.

Statistics compiled by the Board
of Inquiry, have ascertained that
over six thousand people were killed
in the Chesapeake Valley during the
great lake boom.

On the last week, Lewis B. Short
was killed near Huntersville
by falling off a freight train.
He was bound to run from Rich-
mond to Charlottesville, Va.

Some 2,000 are looking for work
and a better 2,000 last night.

The immigration during July was
3,814 less than in July, 1898. Every
month this year has shown a gradual
decline in European arrivals.

Edison the Scientist.
Mr. Westinghouse's invention of the
alternating current system, which is
now the standard system in America,
is a masterpiece. It is very different from
the direct current system, which is
used in the city, and is the best known
method of transmitting electric energy
over long distances.

During a quarrel between Fred
Ewing, white, and Jerome Crawford,
colored, of Glenville, W. Va., the
former stabbed the latter in the
arm, inflicting severe injuries.
Crawford's body was found on the
roadside afterward with his head
crushed in. Ewing is under arrest
charged with the crime.

Congressman Wm. L. Wilson, of
West Virginia, now in England,
writes to a friend in Washington
that he has attended a session of
the House of Commons, and was
not particularly impressed either
by the speeches he heard or by the
appearance of the hall, which, he
says, is not as large as that of the
United States House of Representa-
tives.

"Brick" Pomery, the widely
known author and editor, at 234
Broadway, New York, will, on re-
ceipt of 25 cents, send, as directed,
a sample copy of one of his interest-
ing books entitled, *Ourselves and
our Neighbors*; also a copy of his
very independent and original
monthly magazine, *Adverse Thought*.
And you will read every line such
contains.

Internal revenue statistics show
that in the fiscal year 1897-8 tax
was collected on 1,635,725,000 cig-
arettes. In the year 1898-9 the
number increased to 2,159,515,890—
an increase of 288,788,390. Two
cases of boy insanity are reported
from New York city, within a week,
resulting from excessive cigarette
smoking. One made an unsuccess-
ful attempt at suicide. Both were
sent to an asylum.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON August 9.—As-
sistant Postmaster General Clark-
son's friends have never forgotten
his aspirations to be Secretary of
the Interior in the present cabinet.
The story that is just now interest-
ing everybody in Washington is
believed to have originated with
the above-mentioned friends of Mr.
Clarkson. It tells in elaborate de-
tails that Mr. Harrison having be-
come convinced that it would never
do to appoint Attorney General
Miller to the vacant Justiceship of
the Supreme Court, and his being a
New York man having settled
Secretary Tracy's chances, had de-
cided to appoint Secretary Noble
to the vacancy. That would make
a vacancy in the cabinet, which the
story goes on to say, the President
has not yet decided whether he will
fill with Postmaster General Wan-
maker and make Mr. Clarkson
Postmaster General or appoint
Mr. Clarkson Secretary of the In-
terior. A very pretty story and
one that will have the intended ef-
fect of reminding President Har-
rison that Mr. Clarkson expects to
go in the cabinet if a vacancy oc-
curs. Secretary Noble denies that
he is to be appointed to the Su-
preme Court. He might know it
about as soon as anybody else.

No bills will be paid the tele-
graph companies for carrying gov-
ernment messages until it is de-
cided at what rate they shall be paid
for. The Postmaster General in-
sists that one mill per word is
enough. This the telegraph people
deny.

The Treasury department re-
ceived by mail from the commander
of the revenue cutter "Albatross" full
particulars of the seizure of the Cana-
dian sealing vessel "Black Diamond"
in the harbor of Seal Island, and
decided to make it public until it is seen
by Secretary Wagner, who is at pre-
sent out of town.

Next Winter, it is probable that
about 11,000,000 acres of land in
the great Sioux Indian reservation
in Southern Dakota will be thrown
open to settlement. It only re-
quires that Congress shall approve
the agreement, which Ex-Gov. Fos-
ter, chairman of the Commission,
telegraphed the Interior depart-
ment Wednesday had been made
with the Indians. Under this agree-
ment the Indians will receive \$1.25
per acre for all the land sold dur-
ing the first three years, 75 cents
per acre for all that remains un-
sold after that. The Commission, which
was composed of Ex-Gov. Foster, of
Ohio, Gen. Crook, U. S. A., and
Hon. Wm. Warner, of Missouri,
have been about a month in get-
ting the requisite number of Indi-
ans—two thirds of the males over
eighteen years old—to sign the
agreement. The Indians refused to
sign a similar agreement last
year.

Representative Allen, of Miss.,
is in town. Speaking of the next
House he said: "The republican
programme will presumably be the
revision of the rules and an attempt
to seat republican contestants. I
am not a democratic leader, but I
believe that the crimes they have
taught us we should practice". If
the republicans are allowed their
way they will quickly produce a
working majority. But remember
that they postponed election cases
in the last Congress. The Pelton
—Sullivan contest, for instance
they would not allow to be consid-
ered at all. I, for one have no fear
of the extra session. The burden
of its mistakes will be on republi-
can shoulders."

It has been decided that when
the Civil Service Commission seri-
ally three names for appointment
and one of them is a discharged
soldier or sailor he must be select-
ed by the appointing power for the
place.

The employees of the Government
Printing Office are working night
and day to get the great mass of
testimony in the contested election
cases in print before Congress
meets. There is an unusual num-
ber of such cases and a vast mass
of evidence in each case. One of
the cases just completed makes a
book of nearly 500 pages.

Only one member of the admin-
istration is at present in Wash-
ington. Secretary Noble is the man.
He is carrying the responsibility of
the whole machine but it does not
seem to worry him much, if any.

President Harrison glad the
heart of many waiting and hungry
brothers by making a large num-
ber of appointments before leaving
for his native land. Still the number
disappointed was much the great-
est.

Attorney General Miller has
gone to Indianapolis, where he will
remain until joined by the Pres-
ident on the 22nd, inst. at the lay-
ing of the corner stone of the sol-
diers monument, after which they
will return to Washington togeth-
er.

A stick of dynamite was fed in
to a threshing machine in Ind. the
other day. The machine was blown
to pieces, three men were torn to
atoms and two teams killed.

There is more catfish in this section
of the country than all other fishes
put together, and until the last year
was supposed to be inexhaustible.
But a great many young doctors pro-
fessed it a local disease, and pro-
scribed local remedies, and by constant
yelling to cure with local treatment
promised to be a constitutional
disease, and therefore require consti-
tutional treatment. But the catfish
has been introduced by J. J. Cheney &
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only consti-
tutional cure on the market. It is taken
internally in doses from 10 to a tea-
spoonful. It acts directly upon the blood
and cures every form of the system.
They offer one hundred dollars for any
cure it fails to cure. Send for circulars
and testimonials.
J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sole agents by Druggists, etc.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any purgative
known to me." E. A. Sargent, M. D.
111 So. Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore Throat, Teething Troubles,
and all the ailments of Infants and Children.
Beware of cheap imitations.
The Castoria Company, 71 Warren Street, N. Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4
OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER
C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va.,
and M. O'FAHRELL, here established a
new **LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE**
At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and
Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class
**WHISKIES, WINES &c., at from \$2 to \$4 per
gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBAC-
CO &c.**
We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee
satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.
(Successors to Fudge & McCallister.)
Mt. Grove, Va.,
—DEALERS IN—
**All brands of
LIQUORS,**
At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Merchandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods
before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

*GEO. + W. + WAGNER PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed con-
trol of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our pur-
pose to spare no pains to keep just such a
house as the public demands.
Substantial and comfortable accommoda-
tions for all guests.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
Try us and see for yourself.
Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
To the creditors of George C. Hill,
deceased.
In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit
Court of the County of Pocahontas
made in a cause therein pending to sub-
ject the real estate of the said Geo. C.
Hill, to the payment of his debts, you
are required to present your claims
against the estate of the said George C.
Hill for adjudication to L. M. McCallister,
Commissioner of his place in the said
County on or before 5 o'clock, day of
September, 1899.
Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the
said Court, this 24th day of July, 1899.
John J. BEARD, Ck.
July 25-99
Fees for 50-50
LADY CORRESPONDENT.
Wanted by a young man of 26 years
good looking, weigh 150 lbs 5 feet 8
inches high worth some money and
of a good family and would like a
young lady corresponding from 18
to 25.
Address P. O. Box 15,
Hillary's Hill, W. Va.

Order of Publication.
At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
July, 1899.
Cynthia H. Willing, Plaintiff.
vs.
Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Wiley and
Charles A. Lightner, Defendants.
IN CHANCERY.
The object of this rule is to attach
the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager,
and subject the same to the pay-
ment of a debt due from said Yeager to
the plaintiff, Cynthia H. Willing by
bond, dated the 2nd day of October,
1898, for \$200.00, payable one day after
date of the bond. Subject to a writ
for \$25.00 as of February 20, 1899, and
appearing by affidavit filed that Henry
A. Yeager is a non-resident of the
State of West Virginia. It is ordered
that he do appear here within ten
days after the date of the first publi-
cation of this order and do what is nec-
essary to protect his interest in the
said debt.
Tested:
JAMES H. BEARD, Ck.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
July 25-99
Fees for 50-50

